

SHINER GAZETTE.

VOL. 1.

SHINER, LAVACA COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 12, 1893.

NO. 15.

A. G. WANGEMANN,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots,

Shoes, Hats and Caps, Groceries,

HARDWARE, WOOD AND WILLOWWARE, AND

Gen'l M'ch'ndise.

AGENT FOR NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE, WALTER A. WOOD
MOWING MACHINES AND RAKES, JOHN DEERE PLOWS,
CULTIVATORS AND STALK CUTTERS AND BAN-
NER PLANTERS.

Also Avery Stalk Cutters and Louisville Cotton and Corn Planter.

All kinds of Country Produce bought at highest market
prices. Cash Paid for Cotton Seed.

C. L. Williams' Lumber Yard

Headquarters For

**long leaf pine, cypress well curb-
ing, shingles, sashes, doors and
blinds.**

Genuine Glidden and Waukegan Wire, Pailing
Wire Fence, Brick, Sawed burr oak and Mountain
Cedar Posts. Aermotor, Dandy, Perkins and Enterprise Wind Mills,
Pumps, Cylinder Piping and all Plumber's goods. The celebrated
Studebaker Wagons; also Buggies, Hacks, Surreys and Vehicles of all
kinds.

TOWN LOTS IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED.

I am the authorized agent of H. B. Shiner and the San Antonio and
Aransas Pass Railroad Town Site Company for the sale of all their lots
in the town of Shiner.

I propose to sell everything that I carry in stock as cheap as the same
quality can be bought elsewhere. I defy all competition. My clerk,
Mr. Albert Moeller, speaks German, English and Bohemian. I ask
you to call and examine my stock before buying elsewhere.

C. L. WILLIAMS.

J. E. MEESEBURGER

California Fruits,
Milk Shakes,
Soda Water,
Cider.

See our 5, 10 and 25 cent
Bargain Counters.

SHINER, - - - - - TEX.



FAVORITE SALOON

(HERDLER & SCHRAMM, PROPRIETOR.)

FINE WINES, LIQUORS, BEER and CIGARS.

Which are politely served at the bar. We respectfully ask the old
patrons of the FAVORITE and the public generally to give us a call.

SHINER, - - - - - TEXAS.

HENRY KUESEL,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER.

Mr. Kuesel has secured the sole right to sell the celebrated
patent lame hook in Lavaca and DeWitt counties. He has
on hand a fine stock of Saddles, Whips, Harness, etc., and
turns out none but first-class work.

FRED WILKS,

JEWELRY.

NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES.

He has a full stock of Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silver Plated
Ware. Also a full stock of Spectacles and Eye-glasses. Watches
and Clocks repaired with care. Goods and work warranted and
honest dealing with all.

CITY Meat Market.

Messrs. Rudolph Welhausen and L. B. Richter have purchased the
meat market of C. H. Flato and will supply the people of Shiner with
the best the country affords. They intend to satisfy everybody.

SHINER, - - - - - TEXAS.

BISMARCK SALOON.

C. WAGENER,

DEALER IN

**LIQUORS, WINES, BEER, AND
CIGARS.**

SHINER, - - - - - TEXAS.

LUMBER! LUMBER! LUMBER!

Long Leaf Yellow Pine and Cypress Lumber.

WE are receiving daily car loads of LUMBER and our stock is being constantly replenished.

We will not be undersold by any lumber firm in the country. We have SHINGLES, SASHES, DOORS,
BLINDS, BUILDER'S HARDWARE and the genuine GLIDDEN BARBED WIRE and FIRE-PROOF
BRICK. We also deal in Live Stock; our yard is just below the Aransas Pass depot. Our clerk
and book keeper, G. W. Eschenburg, speaks both German and Bohemian and is too well and favorably
known to need any further recommendation at our hands.

Call and See Us at
SHINER, TEX.

FLATO & GREEN.

WATCH this SPACE.

for **SEYDLER & ESCHENBURG'S**

Advertisement of their new General Merchandise Store on Main street.

ELECTIONEERING.

BY MARCUS JENTESS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE guards were already in line and were coming down the street marching two abreast. A couple of bands headed the line of march and as far as the eye could reach the twinkling lights of the torches seemed like so many stars. Every pulse quickened and every heart beat faster as the platoons of the guards swept by. The thousands of torches gave the scene a weird effect and the regular beat of the drums kept the men marching in regular step and kept their enthusiasm up to a high pitch. The speaking was to take place from the steps of the court house and there the parade was diverted and the guards formed in a three sided square in the space in front of the court house. Here the people gathered in force and seated themselves on the grass and benches. Great torches had been placed around over the grounds and over the speaker's stand and as every gust of wind passed they spluttered and flared keeping the shadows dancing hither and thither over the vast crowd. On a side street to the left of the court house preparations were under way for a bonfire. A lot of flour barrels had been secured and were piled on top of another until the pile was twenty feet high. A pole was then run through the pile from top to bottom, the heads having all been knocked out of the barrels. A ladder was then set up and a boy mounted to the top and a bucket of coal oil was poured down in the barrels and then another and another until the mass was completely saturated with the fiery liquid. Tar was then added and everything that would burn was piled up around the barrels and the bonfire was ready for lighting. Everybody was warned to stand back and a match was applied. With a hiss and a roar the flames shot up thirty feet in the air and writhed and writhed about the great pile like ten thousand fiery serpents. Now began the hat burning part of the affair. A boy would run up behind a gentleman in the crowd and snatching his hat off would toss it into the flames and make his escape in the crowd.

Derbys, crushers, slouches and silks all fared alike and the only way for a man to preserve his head gear was for him to hold it in his hand. The crowds enjoyed these episodes hugely and each hat given over to the flames was greeted with rounds of applause. Anvils were carried up and a long steel rod was thrust into the fire and heated until one end was red hot. The anvil having been charged, the red hot rod was applied to the powder and a deafening discharge followed. This was repeated every few minutes and served to animate and inspire the speakers on the court house steps. A man would stand ready, rod in hand, and when an outburst of cheers would tell him that the speaker had scored a point, he would fire the anvil which would greatly add to the effect of the applause. Fireworks were now inaugurated from the dome of the court house and roman candles, sky rockets and every style of fireworks were thrown about in the air. Nothing is so beautiful as a sky rocket. It ascends with a hiss and far up in the sky bursts into a myriad of tiny stars which dart and fall in all directions in cascades of colored light. The speaker's having closed, the candidates seized the opportunity to shake hands all around with the crowds while the anvils thundered and the fireworks flared and flared. Presently in the outskirts of the crowd a man shouted:

"Damn old Styles; he's a horse thief and I can prove it."

Instantly there was a terrible uproar and a general rush was made for the man who had uttered the slander against the Colonel and a hundred voices shouted, "hang him; kill him;" and before the fellow could run ten steps he was knocked down, trod upon, kicked and beaten until he was covered with blood and his clothing was in shreds. In another instant and he would have been killed, but cooler heads interfered, officers rushed in and the man was pulled out and carried off, his face a mass of bruises and covered with blood. This incident set the crowd wild with excitement and the cheering, singing and yelling broke out all over the grounds while the bands caught the enthusiasm and commenced playing "Dixie" with great spirit. There was now general recourse to the saloons and the candidates led

the way with great crowds of men at their heels and boxes of cigars and kegs of beer contributed to the general good feeling. Here the Colonel was in his glory and circulated through the crowds in the barrooms, shaking hands with everybody and treating right and left. It was two or three o'clock in the morning before these pleasant exchanges of good will and good feeling terminated. A faint streak of light in the east told of approaching dawn and the Colonel, against the bar, heavy-eyed and considerably under the influence. Numerous gin cocktails and whiskey straight had gotten in their work and the Colonel's eyes had that peculiar glassy look that betokened partial intoxication.

"Well boys," he said, a little thickly, "we want to go over to Fairville this morning and take in that big barbecue there; it would never do for us to miss it."

"How far is it over there, Colonel?" asked Mr. Page.

"Nineteen miles by rail," answered the Colonel, "we can run down there this morning on the local if we can make it all right with the conductor. You can leave your horse and buggy in the livery stable here. Let's see," and the Colonel pulled out his watch. "It's now five after three; the local won't leave until four and we'll have time to go up to the hotel and get a few things before we strike out."

Leaving the saloon they made their way up to the hotel and packed up a few things in their valises. A dingy, smoky haze hung over the town as they walked out and the streets were silent and deserted.

Making their way down to the depot they found the caller sitting on a bench in the waiting room intently scanning a piece of paper.

"Well, Tom," said the Colonel, "how are they comin'?"

"They ain't a comin' a tall," said that worthy, evidently mad all over, "and I don't expect 'em to come, which is more. The only way they'll ever come is for me to go and git 'em which I am agoin' to do right now."

"When will the local pull out, Tom?" asked the Colonel.

"Just as soon as she's made up and I get the crew out. That's her engine a standin' over their new."

(Continued on 5th Page.)